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Naturally, any one possessing it desires to rid herself of it as speedily as possible. At the monthly meeting each one is in honor bound to confess how often she has had it, and pays a penny fine for each visit of the little card. It seems to me this is a far-reaching bit of self government, carrying excellent opportunity for character development. These young students are enthusiastic over their secret bond and are sincerely trying to help make their school better for their having been in it.

New Jersey.

C. E.

SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A PRIVATE NURSE

DEAR EDITOR: After reading a letter in this department last year, I smiled as I thought of the old saying: "Misery likes company," I would like to tell one of my experiences. A little boy, six years old, was suffering from scarlet fever and diphtheria. The child had been ill a week when I took the case and during that time had had no medicine, nourishment or no care of the mouth, nose or throat, except what the physician, a busy man with a large practice, had time to give on his daily calls. The child took milk, 4 to 6 ounces, every two or three hours. The medicine and other nursing care were given under difficulties.

The child was very delirious and for four nights I sat by his bed and performed the double duty of keeping him in bed and relieving him of the annoyance and torture of bed-bugs. The family consisted of the patient, his mother and myself, other members being absent on account of the contagion. Our living apartments consisted of the kitchen, bathroom, and bedroom occupied by the patient. As a member of the board of health called daily to remind me that I was in quarantine, and must not go out, I took my airing on the fire-escape. Can you imagine my feelings of horror when I returned from one of these refreshing outings and found that the mother had removed the night shirt from the little fellow and on the kitchen table, where we partook of all our meals, had turned the garment wrongside out and was carefully shaking and scanning the seams in search of bedbugs? After considerable talking I impressed her with the necessity of having the tablecloth washed, as the patient was in the stage of desquamation. On another occasion when I had left the patient's room for a moment, I returned to find the bed pan on the table, with not as much as a newspaper underneath. I managed to impress upon the mother the necessity of frequent use of hand solution, also the care of the mouth and throat; but the poor woman could not grasp situations and must be told each individual precaution. I was on this case six weeks and left in good health and I daresay with a nice accumulation of germs in my poor body.

A nurse, they say, should learn something new on each case. On this case I learned the important lesson of how to keep house for a family of three with four towels and one tablecloth.

Illinois.

M. P.

AROUND-THE-WORLD LETTERS

(Continuing a description of a visit to the Taj in India)

DEAR EDITOR: At 4.30 A.M. we were up, tea was brought to us, and at five we started out. We saw the natives at their various sunrise devotions—of prayers, baths, and cleaning their teeth with a stick fuzzed into a brush at the

end. We saw monkeys in the trees by the roadside, little chipmonks running on the ground, peacocks strutting on the walls, a panoplied camel carrying a whole family. Tongas were being made ready for the day, the bullocks decorated with strings of beads. We visited the tomb of Alebar, the father of Shah Jehan, and saw where the Hindus had used the richly decorated ante-chambers for kitchens, discolored the walls and ceilings with smoke, to show their contempt for the Mohammedans. Returning, we again saw the Taj Mahal, in the glaring light of the sun. It lost none of its beauty. All day we stayed in the cool shade of the deep veranda, entertained by a clever, cross-eyed juggler, spending our money on all sorts of beautiful and foolish things. When the heat of the day was subsiding we were off again to see the Taj at sunset. This time the crowd was present, but it was as hushed as if the dead were a new and personal loss. Little groups sat and spoke softly of the sentiment that had inspired the author of this vision. Some were busy making sketches, and others wrote their diaries and postal cards. We, too, sat and dreamed, watching the reflection of the dome and minarets in the water, trying to picture in our imagination the picturesque servants waiting outside for their masters, kneeling on their prayer rugs, their faces turned toward Mecca, the semi-circle of elephants waiting in their stone stalls, the soft patter of many bare feet, and the tinkle of anklets, and chains, the drip, drip of the fountains, the soft breath of wind in the trees. Practical, workaday America is far, far away. It is all mystery and romance. Somebody snaps a watch, and says it is time to return to the train, the spell is broken. However the Punjab Mail goes back to Bombay in the morning, so I had another night at the hotel, and an early morning visit to the Fort, in which is the palace, all by myself. It is worthy of a whole book, so I dare not attempt to describe it, but I saw the marble platform which formed the parchesi board, where the ladies of the zenana played parchesi, with little boys for pawns; the fountain where sixteen little boys sat with bowed heads, each having two water sprays play on him; the mosque where the Mohammedan wives worshipped; the temple for the Hindu wife; the room lined with many thousand tiny round mirrors reflecting the lights of candles where the women bathed; the audience chamber, and halls of justice; the arena where the elephant and tiger fights took place; the dungeons for the prisoners. Even now, when it is all vacant, deserted, except for the licensed guides and tourists, it seems as though it should spring into life, with intrigue, mystery, romance, love, hate, and jealousy. I left it feeling amply repaid for any discomfort, trouble, or expense.

My return trip in the train was very interesting, for I travelled with two English ladies, and a little girl. They all spoke Hindustani, which was very convenient for me on this occasion, and they told me much that was interesting about life in India. They had been to the Delhi Durbar, so I was well entertained. A shower laid the dust, and cooled the air, so that altogether the return seemed shorter and pleasanter than the going, and the memory of it all grows in value as the perspective grows longer.

CHARLOTTE EHRLICHER.

AN APPRECIATION

DEAR EDITOR: There are few articles that I have come across that I have so thoroughly enjoyed as I did that called "Difficulties in Private Nursing" by

Jennie Jordan. I wanted her to know how the good sound advice she gives struck home to a reader far away. The January JOURNAL was particularly interesting. Illinois.

E. L. D.

CARE OF A BABY'S NAVELE

DEAR EDITOR: In answer to "One who Wants to Know" in the February JOURNAL, I would like to give my method of caring for a baby's cord. The first dressing is made by saturating a narrow piece of absorbent cotton with alcohol and winding it around the base of the cord. Over the entire cord place a large piece of dry cotton. The cord is dressed each day in a similar manner, omitting the alcohol after the first dressing, unless there should be an odor (which is seldom). In that case the cord is bathed well with alcohol and dressed with dry cotton, and will in most cases heal rapidly, and come off in three or four days.

Pennsylvania.

M. F., R.N.

JOURNALS WANTED

DEAR EDITOR: I am desirous of obtaining a full set of the JOURNAL for a nucleus around which to establish a nurses alcove in the medical library of this city. The Georgia Medical Society has very kindly offered the Registered Nurses' Association of Savannah the use of some twenty-five current medical journals. We trust that the use of such may increase the usefulness of the nurses toward the physicians whom they endeavor to serve. If there are nurses who have old copies of the JOURNAL that they do not care to keep, will they kindly communicate with

J. VAN DE VREDE,

City Hall, Savannah, Ga.

[Two interesting letters by "A Western Nurse" and "Illinois" are being held because the writers have not complied with the rules of the letter department by sending their full names and addresses as well as the signatures they wish used. If these are supplied, the letters will be published.—ED.]

NEWS ITEM.—Too late for classification.

GEORGIA

THE STATE BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF NURSES FOR GEORGIA will hold annual examinations in Atlanta, Savannah and Augusta, on April 1, 2, and 3, 1913. Applications for admission must be filed at least 15 days in advance of above date. Blanks and full information mailed on request.

E. R. DENDY, *Secretary*,
822 Greene St., Augusta, Ga.